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# ADDISON'S WORKS.

## VOLUME THE FIRST.

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WHOEVER WISHES TO ATTAIN AN ENGLISH STYLE, FAMILIAR BUT NOT COARSE, AND ELEGANT BUT NOT OSTENTATIOUS, MUST GIVE HIS DAYS AND NIGHTS TO THE VOLUMES OF ADDISON.—DR. JOHNSON.

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THE

# MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

# JOSEPH ADDISON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

LEWIS A. LEWIS, POULTRY.

MDCCCXXX.

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# LITERARY NOTICE

OF THE

# WRITINGS OF ADDISON.

---

THE diffusion of literature as connected with the general civilization of mankind, furnishes material for the portion of history most interesting to the philosophic inquirer: while in a national point of view every patriotic bosom is warmed by the contemplation of the ascendency of English genius among the nations of the earth. "It is not the commercial character of a people," observes D'Israeli, "which inspires veneration among mankind, nor will their military powers engage the affections of their neighbours. But a glorious succession of authors has enabled our nation to arbitrate among the nations of Europe, and to possess ourselves of their involuntary esteem by discoveries in science, by principles in philo-



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sophy, by truths in history, and even by the graces of fiction; and there is not a man of genius among foreigners who stands unconnected with our intellectual sovereignty." How far Addison contributed to the formation of this national literary character may be gathered from the commendations of Boileau, and the opened interchange of literature between England and France. The providential adaptation of eminent men to the exigencies of the times in which their lot is cast has been often remarked, but not sufficiently, we think, in the case of him to whose writings this brief memoir is prefixed. Addison wrote during one of those eventful periods of a nation's history, when its future fortunes may be said to hang trembling in the balance. Whether despotism, bigotry, sensuality, and ignorance, or liberty, toleration, knowledge, and moral power, were to have the dominion among us, was the fearful question to be decided when Addison addressed himself to the task of softening the animosities, enlightening the judgment, and refining the manners of his countrymen. The distinguishing characteristic of his writings is their moral utility. Other poets of sweeter fancy and bolder flight

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have sung among us, other critics have commented with keener sagacity, and other philosophers have penetrated more deeply into the mysteries of the human soul, but no poet, nor critic, nor philosopher, ever kept more steadily in view as the grand and single object of his labours, the improvement of mankind. The moral responsibility of the author is great and proportionate to the vast effects his writings may produce; and a conviction of this serious truth seems to have influenced Addison from the commencement of his studies to the closing hour of his life. To give an enlarged account of his birth, education, and progress, from boyhood to maturity, is now an unnecessary task, were the limits of this Notice ample enough to receive the copious and instructive detail. We choose rather to confine ourselves to the single proposition with which we prefaced this essay—the one point at which, if we may so speak, the varied excellences of Addison are concentrated, but which has been less adverted to than its importance would seem to demand. "To talk in private, to think in solitude, to inquire or to answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or

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terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself." Thus during his early and saddened years did Johnson describe the fate of those who labour for the good of man in retirement and silence; and thus despondingly and humbly have many felt, for whom ultimately was reserved "lasting fame and perpetuity of praise." Nor can we deny that this description of the isolated obscurity of the learned was for ages painfully true. But the days were at last arrived wherein the character of the author was to be demonstrated in all its moral and political power, when it was no longer to be considered as subordinate in society, but was destined to rear and establish that tribunal of opinion before which the general and the minister were alike to tremble. The politician could no longer affect to disbelieve that abstract principles could possess influence over society, but was constrained to turn his eyes towards the solitary author in his closet, who was stamping his own majestic character on the minds of a people, accomplishing a change in the taste and morals of a nation, and creating an epoch in the annals of the world. At such a crisis of good and evil Addison appeared, and how well he discharged

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the part assigned him, the gratitude of unborn generations may declare. Those who conceive we are assigning powers to Addison which he did not possess, we would refer to an observation we have already made on the adaptation of men to the part appointed them on the great stage of life. Addison was among the first of those who addressed themselves to teaching the mass of a nation to think. Had he been animated by a loftier, fiercer spirit, his political writings would, as compositions, perhaps, have been perused in future times with more admiration, but assuredly they would have been less useful to his contemporaries. Had he possessed that physical boldness requisite for deliberative oratory, and had "senates hung on all he spoke," the mere listener for amusement would have more highly appreciated his powers, but the political animosities which he soothed would probably have raged with imbittered violence, and that calm and moral acquiescence in an established freedom, which his writings we think mainly produced, would have been deferred to a later period, for stormy, though it might be brilliant, eloquence, and ruinous, though they might be romantic and chivalrous, intrigues.



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Wit has been denied to be the best test of truth, and is certainly too often used to banter, to inveigh, or to wound: it is too often the vehicle of either malice or contempt; but Addison sanctified its use by employing it against prejudices that would have withstood a ruder attack, and on the removal of which depended, in his day, the tranquillity of our country. We are aware that we here attribute a greater influence to Addison's political labours than is generally allowed them, and may be tauntingly asked, whether the composition of Latin verses and tame poetical epistles are the best productives of political efficacy.—We answer, that Addison thereby disciplined his mind, and was thence enabled to give those rules of correcter taste by which the licentious poetry, still prevalent in his day, was finally rejected, and the morals of the people thereby improved. The pure and enlightened are never slaves, and his political worth is most estimable who instructs and refines. — The Spectator and Tatler, and Guardian, opened a field of healthy occupation for those who might otherwise have been heating their imaginations over Wycherley's impurities, frittering away their best feelings

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amidst the insipidities of the old romance, bewildering themselves in the mazes of polemical casuistry, or irritating their passions by a perusal of party invectives.

These works, and we mention them together, for Addison's name is associated with them all, attracted readers whom the sterner philosophy of Johnson would have repelled, and gently led on those to think who would have shrunk from a more austere instructer. To effect a change in the manners and taste of a nation was indeed a mighty work, and can only be overlooked amidst the results that have proceeded directly and progressively from it. "Imagination," it has been truly observed, "was born at once perfect, and her arts find a term to their progress: but there is no boundary to knowledge nor the discovery of thought." Rich then should be their reward who moved a people to thought. But the hand that first kindled the lamp of transmitted knowledge is too often lost in its brightening blaze, and the first impulse is forgotten as the huge mass rolls onward in its accelerated career.

We scarcely deem an apology requisite for drawing the attention of our readers to this

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interesting, yet somewhat overlooked, period of our literary history, and we dwell upon it at greater length because the plan of the present work precludes our giving the works alluded to themselves, though on them must Addison's fame mainly rest. In pursuance of our prescribed plan we must also exclude the Freeholder, but present our readers with some papers of the Whig Examiner, of which Johnson, all prejudiced as he was against Addison's politics, confesses that "every reader of every party, since personal malice is past, and the papers which once inflamed the nation are read only as effusions of wit, must wish for more of the Whig Examiners; for on no occasion was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear." We give too some papers in the Lover, the Discourse on Ancient and Modern learning, and, though it relates exclusively to a particular occasion, the late Trial and Conviction of Count Tariff, being fully persuaded ourselves that it may convey a useful lesson to the present age. A necessity, however, for condensing our materials obliges us to omit the letters which we partly promised, and the whole of which, dis-

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persed over the British museum and other public libraries, we have carefully perused; but our readers will less regret their omission, when informed that they entirely relate to private business, and afford not the slightest illustration of the manners or history of the times in which they were composed. They sufficiently show, however, that Addison could write on matters of business in ordinary and business-like language, though the contrary has been so flippantly affirmed. But deeply as we are impressed with the national importance of Addison's labours, we are not prepared to deny his unfitness for mere official exertion. Though unable, however, effectively to employ his great acquisitions in that transitory service of his country which is done in active life, yet, to quote the words of Burke, "he will continue to do it that permanent service which it receives from the labours of those who know how to make the silence of closets more beneficial to the world than all the noise and bustle of courts, senates, and camps."

The general incidents of Addison's life are too well known to need our repeating them. His early progress may be best traced in the

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works here presented to the public, and his writings rather than his actions require commemoration. And more grateful is it to dwell on his literary labours than to record how he "wedded discord in a noble wife," and was cut off by a premature death, hastened on by domestic disquiet, amidst labours perhaps more important than any he had completed. We say premature, for the man who dies at the age of forty-seven is abridged of the period of life from which the mature productions of his mind may be expected. The spring of life may greet us with its flowery offerings, and the summer may glow with noontide fervour, but it is the autumnal hour that bears those ripened racy fruits which at once refresh and nourish. Addison's parting breath was spent in the utterance of Christian exhortation, and his last work gives the evidences of that faith which enabled him in calm tranquillity to await the awful hour of dissolution. His life was passed in the energies of active benevolence, and his Discourse of the Christian Religion stamps with his dying confirmation his unshaken belief in the divine authority of the doctrines which he professed. He lived not to complete his task, but in its imperfect state

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the work will well repay a careful perusal. To the other works contained in these volumes we have prefixed brief notices, and therefore deem it unnecessary to dwell upon them here at greater length. We would pause to observe, that those now least regarded were once important, and are rendered interesting when the results they produced are taken into consideration. His Latin poems, now neglected, first persuaded Boileau of the possibility of English genius, and, by removing national prejudices, opened a way for that literary and scientific intercourse that has, in spite even of war, so long existed between this country and the continent. The learned have been thus placed, as it were, above the intrigues of cabinets and the hostile transit of armies. A diligent examination of the subject has taught us, that the share Addison had in establishing this now recognised position of the learned was far greater than his biographers have usually assigned him. His Travels in Italy, and their companions, the Dialogues on Medals, and his Letter from Italy to lord Halifax, are little in accordance with the style of modern travel writings, but to turn from their sickly sentiment, deceptive morality, and fictitious ad-

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ventures, to the chaste and unaffected narrative of Addison is, as it has been beautifully remarked, like "being recalled to a sense of something like that original purity from which a man has been long estranged."

We will conclude this notice, too brief to contain an enumeration of the varied excellences of him to whose pages we would draw back an attention that has been diverted to less worthy objects, in the stern though judicious words of Johnson. "It is not uncommon for those who have grown wise by the labour of others, to add a little of their own, and overlook their masters. Addison is now despised by some who, perhaps, would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them."

OXFORD,
FEBRUARY, 1830.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

# JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

HIS MAJESTY'S

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

---

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship, and therefore I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one, whom, by the experience of some years, I know well qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection; and, as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better, than that he may



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continue to deserve the favour and countenance of such a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments, as would but ill suit that familiarity between us, which was once my greatest pleasure, and will be my greatest honour hereafter. Instead of them, accept of my hearty wishes, that the great reputation you have acquired so early may increase more and more: and that you may long serve your country with those excellent talents and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable monarch that ever filled a throne. May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself. When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest zeal,

Dear Sir,

Your most entirely affectionate friend,
And faithful obedient servant,
J. ADDISON.

JUNE 4, 1719.

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# POEMS

ON

# SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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# TO MR. DRYDEN.

[This copy of verses was first published in 1693, when our author had not attained his 23rd year. Although the first thing of his that appeared in English, it attracted considerable notice; but he had already been distinguished for his skill in Latin versification. Dryden was now in his 63rd year, and, having lost his places and pension by the revolution, was obliged to write for bread. Allusion seems to be made to these circumstances in the third and following lines.]

HOW long, great poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise!
Can neither injuries of time, or age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.
Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers, and a clearer style;



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And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.
  Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow:
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the woods.
  O may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age nor sickness interrupt thy song:
Then may we wond'ring read, how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms, and dissolv'd in streams;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold:
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures tried.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. Coll. Oxon.
June 2, 1693.

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A

# POEM TO HIS MAJESTY.

PRESENTED TO THE LORD KEEPER.



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JOHN LORD SOMERS was one of the earliest patrons of Addison, and procured for him, in 1699, a pension of 300*l.* a year to enable him to make the tour of Italy. This address paved the way to their intimacy; as we are told by Tickell, that on its being presented to his lordship he sent a message to its author to desire his acquaintance. According to Oldmixon he was introduced to him by Tonson; and we learn from the fourth line of the verses before us, that he was unknown to him at the time of their publication.

Lord Somers was the son of an attorney, and rose to the highest offices in the state by his talents and learning. In this situation he became a patron of men of letters, and was one of those who redeemed the divine poem of Milton from the obscurity into which it had been thrown by party-spirit and hatred. His greatest praise as a statesman is, that few ever passed through life with a purer political character.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

# SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a muse unknown:
A muse that in advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By Somers' counsels, and by Nassau's sword.
To you, my lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But since the state has all your cares engrost,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.

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On you, my lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love;
If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

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## TO THE KING.

WHEN now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar,
When every dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auspicious prince, and let the muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My muse expecting on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in every blow;
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons drown'd her voice:
She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie beating on the shore;
She saw thee climb the banks, but tried in vain
To trace her hero through the dusty plain,
When through the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.
O that some muse, renown'd for lofty verse,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse;
Draw thee belov'd in peace, and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noonday sweats, and midnight cares!

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But still the god-like man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds,
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.
A thousand years in full succession ran,
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice and sung the man,
Who, driv'n by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas, and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the tow'ring muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or slaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.
And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's god-like acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyne be sung when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read,
How, in the bloody field too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.
The race of Nassaus was by heav'n design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,

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To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in every injur'd nation's cause.
The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;
But now, inspir'd by thee with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corps, and Cressy swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the way,
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namur's late terrors and destruction show
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.
His toils for no ignoble ends design'd
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears;
Oppress'd religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd justice sets him in his arms;

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His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.
  Thus when the forming muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.
  Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty east;
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shore,
With horror hear the British engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Denied the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage,
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.
  Spain's numerous fleet, that perish'd on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast,
The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
  Where'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the polar circle spread our sails;
Or deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars;

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Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.
At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has raz'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives intrusted to thy care.
Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Nassau through the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side:
Fain would the pious prince refuse th' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to every blow, and edge his sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Ask Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd and the treaty seal'd,
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole power of France stood looking on.
But stop not here: behold where Berkeley stands,
And executes his injur'd king's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels, and falling towers;
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round them where they break;



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The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quiv'ring light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heav'n with ashes, and the earth with smoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strews the Asiatic shore with dust.
Now does the sailor from the neigh'bring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wond'ring mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes stood.
Here Russel's actions should my muse require;
And would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse;
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like Homer's Hector when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames dispers'd on every shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could Ormond's god-like acts refuse,
Ormond the theme of every Oxford muse?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,

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Through all the noise and hurry of the fight,
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.
Oh, did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood:
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blast the counsels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's loss more light.
  But stop, my muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,
Maria's name still wounds each British ear:
Each British heart Maria still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.
  But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty prince, desir'd of Britain, come!
May heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look,
Which such confusion and amazement struck
Through Gallic hosts: but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thy eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's sound;

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Well pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
And steeds o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground:
So crown'd with laurels now, where'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peaceful blessings flow.

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# A TRANSLATION

OF ALL

# VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.



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This translation of Virgil is said by sir Walter Scott to have appeared in the third volume of Dryden's Miscellany, published in 1693. Addison was then in his twenty-second year. Dryden, in the postscript to his translation of Virgil, says: "Whoever has given the world the translation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls the Power of Love, has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his; as my lord Roscommon's Silenus had formerly given me the same trouble. The most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account. After his Bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving." Scott's Dryden, vol. i. 378. xv. 193. Bishop Hurd says of it, that "the version, though it be exact enough, for the most part, and not inelegant, gives us but a faint idea of the original. It has the grace but not the energy of Virgil's manner. The versification, except only the bad rhymes, may be excused; for the frequent triplets and alexandrines, which Dryden's laziness, by the favour of his exuberant genius, had introduced, were esteemed, when this translation was made, not blemishes, but beauties."

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## A TRANSLATION

OF ALL

# VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETHEREAL sweets shall next my muse engage,
And this, Mecænas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures' wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.
First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when laden homeward, from their hive.
Nor sheep nor goats must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flowers;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dewdrops off, and bruise the rising grass:
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor woodpecks, nor the swallow harbour near.

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They waste the swarms, and, as they fly along,
Convey the tender morsels to their young.
Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills run trickling through the grass;
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.
Whether the neighb'ring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind,
Should dip or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
With store of sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.
Though barks and plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores:
For this they hoard up glue, whose clinging drops,
Like pitch or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;

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At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves must thinly on your work be strew'd;
But let no baleful yew tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out streams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd ——————
When th' under world is seiz'd with cold and night,
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees through woods and forests take their flight.
They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim
The crystal brook, and sip the running stream:
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
But when on high you see the bees repair,
Borne on the wind, through distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all black'ning from afar;
While shady coverts and fresh streams they choose,
Milfoil and common honey-suckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice;
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;

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Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
At last, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hailstones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul:
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.
But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.
The kings are diff'rent; one of better note
All speck'd with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are diff'rent as their kings;
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;

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Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a mawkish froth.
The first are best ———
From their o'erflowing combs you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets, that, mingling in the glass,
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd;
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse them in the neighb'ring soil,
Set fruit trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water them, and urge their shady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd show what art the gardener's toils require,
Why rosy Pæstum blushes twice a year;
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a cheerful green does parsley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted grass:
Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle trees that love the shore;

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Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow bloom.
For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galesus drench'd the washy soil,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield;
But sav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Blest with these riches he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board:
The spring did first his opening roses blow,
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tend'rest of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and ling'ring western breeze:
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindens and the sappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'rs his smiling orchard dress'd,
As many blossoms as the spring could show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plum,
And spreading plane trees, where supinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.

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But these, for want of room, I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.
Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.
Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only make their young the public care;
In well-dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive;
Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode:
Each provident of cold in summer flies
Through fields and woods to seek for new supplies,
And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
For the first ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabric on its gluy base.
Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heav'ns, and search the clouded skies
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise.



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By turns they ease the laden swarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
The work is warmly plied through all the cells,
And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unshapen thunderbolt complete;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mass;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busy swarms their diff'rent labours share.
Desire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,
And shape the waxen fretwork out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clogg'd with the meadows' spoils.
On lavender and saffron buds they feed,
On bending osiers, and the balmy reed,
From purple violets and the teil they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.
All work together, all together rest,
The morning still renews their labours past;
Then all rush out, their diff'rent tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew;
Again when evening warns them to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum.

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Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds or storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighb'ring spring;
And lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast,
They carry stones to poise them in their flight,
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.
  But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flow'rs they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they choose out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.
  But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such gen'rous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital date,
Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race their children's children reign.

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No prostrate vassal of the east can more
With slavish fear his haughty prince adore;
His life unites them all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death in wounds and war.
Some, from such instances as these, have taught
" The bees' extract is heav'nly; for they thought
" The universe alive; and that a soul,
" Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
" To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
" And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all the deep of heav'n;
" That this first kindled life in man and beast,
" Life that again flows into this at last.
" That no compounded animal could die,
" But, when dissolv'd, the spirit mounted high,
" Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky."
Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.
Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies;

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And once when hast'ning from the wat'ry sign
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.
The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venom'd sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.
When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms,
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the spider at the entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.
When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rites are form'd, and every bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,



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Like winds that softly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile them to their meat.
Mix juice of galls and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;
To these dried roses, thyme, and centry join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Psythian vine.
Besides, there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,
Its name amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shows itself in leaves:
The flow'r itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in wat'ry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil them well
In wine, and heap them up before the cell.
But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

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For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,
Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.
First then a close contracted space of ground,
With straiten'd walls and low-built roof they found:
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two years' growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on every side,
'Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
When dead they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and cassia strew'd around.
All this is done when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
Before the chatt'ring swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest.
Meanwhile the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are seen
A wond'rous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.

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No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer show'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot them on the foes.
Thus have I sung the nature of the bee;
While Cæsar, tow'ring to divinity;
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god;
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

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# A SONG

## FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, AT OXFORD.

[Dr. Johnson informs us, that this ode has been imitated by Pope, and has something in it of Dryden's vigour.]

### I.

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious saint, and see,
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune every string and every tongue,
Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

### II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark! how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From every voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the bass.

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Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string.
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
To music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The list'ning savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heat inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the deity.
Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleas'd and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our prayers.

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When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song.
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

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# AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

# GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. H. S.[1] APRIL 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse-possest,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength.
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses' worth, though not my own.

[1] The initials H. S. have generally been considered to refer to the famous Dr. Henry Sacheverell, whose story and trial are well known. Whether, however, it was to that individual that Addison addressed these verses, is made a question by some information which Sir John Hawkins obtained from a letter he found among Johnson's papers. This letter, dated January 1784, from a lady in Wiltshire, states, "that these verses were not addressed to Dr. H. Sacheverell, but to a very ingenious gentleman of the same name, who died young, supposed to be a Manksman, for that he wrote the History of the Isle of Man." See JOHNSON'S WORKS, *Oxford edition*, vol. vii. p. 422.

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Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser[2] next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfreys, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
Great Cowley then, a mighty genius, wrote,
O'errun with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press;
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.

[2] Dr. Johnson states, on the authority of Spence, that when Addison wrote this very confident and discriminative character of Spenser he had never read his works.



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One glitt'ring thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky way a shining white
O'erflows the heav'ns with one continued light;
That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain!
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.
Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise:
Blest man! who now shalt be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.
But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks;
No vulgar hero can his muse engage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upward springs, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.

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How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's outspread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture, can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness.
Oh had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men!
His other works might have deserv'd applause.
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauties kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flatt'ring song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong;
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne!

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How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse:
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes e'en rules a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee;
Did not the muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.

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I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague[3] remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dyed waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois choak'd with men, and arms, and blood,
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

[3] Addison was about this time introduced by Congreve to Montague, then chancellor of the exchequer: he was learning the trade of a courtier, and subjoined Montague as a poetical name to those of Cowley and Dryden. JOHNSON'S LIFE.



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A

# LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

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Addison wrote this letter, "justly considered as the most elegant, if not the most sublime, of his poetical productions," while travelling in Italy. Bishop Hurd tells us that Pope used to speak very favourably of it; and himself, sparing as he is of praise, allows that the subject, so inviting to a classical traveller like Addison, seems to have raised his fancy, and brightened his expressions.

Dr. Johnson says, "the letter from Italy has been always praised, but has never been praised beyond its merit. It is more correct with less appearance of labour, and more elegant with less appearance of ornament, than any other of his poems." WORKS, vol. vii. p. 452.

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A

# LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

> Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
> Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
> Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
> VIRG. Georg. 2.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For her advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme:
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground[1];

[1] Malone states that this was the first time the phrase *classic ground*, since so common, was ever used. It was ridiculed by some contemporaries as very quaint and affected.

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For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song.
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry),
Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,

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That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb:

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Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans' deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow.
Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,

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With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.
O liberty, thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.



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Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

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MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,

IN A

# TRANSLATION OF A STORY

OUT OF

# THE THIRD ÆNEID.

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## MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,

IN A

# TRANSLATION OF A STORY

OUT OF

# THE THIRD ÆNEID.

LOST in the gloomy horror of the night
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench, and smoke.
'Tis said that thunder-struck Enceladus,
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.



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Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep low'ring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd;
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meager, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.
He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopp'd short, he back recoil'd as one surpris'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: "By heaven's eternal fires,
"By ev'ry god that sits enthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any distant shore,
"So I may shun this savage race accurs'd.
"'Tis true, I fought among the Greeks, that late
"With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
"And laid the labour of the gods in dust;
"For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
"Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie

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" Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
" Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."
He ended here, and now profuse of tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet:
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale:—
I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore; and human limbs
His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks; in either hand a man;
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dash'd and broke them on the groundsel edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapp'd the blood,
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less meanwhile
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,

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Plots his destruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretch'd at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharg'd
With purple wine and curdled gore confused.
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dext'rously applied,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoop'd out the big round gelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays;
Fly, mortals, fly this curs'd detested race:
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains' tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft seen them as they pass'd,
Sculking and scouring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighb'ring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around, his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;

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Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eyeball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood
Amaz'd be sure, a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
Till using all the force of winds and oars
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his out-stretch'd arms around him grop'd;
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In distant echoes answer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.
Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly! we with eager haste
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.
So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at a distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

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# THE CAMPAIGN,

## A POEM,

## TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

——— Rheni pacator et istri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus: lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
CLAUD. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint.
LIV. Hist. lib. 33.

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The battle of Blenheim, which shines so gloriously in British annals, is the chief subject of the following poem. Addison, however, did not undertake it of his own accord: but that decisive victory having spread triumph and confidence over the nation, lord Godolphin, then at the head of the treasury, was desirous that it should be celebrated in a manner equal to its importance. He was lamenting to lord Halifax that this had not been done, and requested him to point out some poet more capable of the task. Halifax told him that there was no encouragement for genius; that worthless men were unprofitably enriched with public money, without any care to find or employ those whose labours might do honour to their country. Godolphin replied, that such abuses should be rectified in time; and that if a man could now be found who would do justice to the great action to be celebrated, he should not want an ample recompense. Halifax then named Addison, but required that the treasurer should apply to him in his own person. Godolphin sent the message to Mr. Boyle, afterwards lord Carleton; and Addison, having undertaken the work, communicated it to the treasurer while it was yet advanced no farther than the simile of the angel, and was immediately rewarded by succeeding Mr. Locke in the place of Commissioner of Appeals[1].

The execution of this poem is better than the plan. Indeed the subject was fit only for an ode, and might have furnished materials for a very fine one, if Mr. Addison had possessed the talents of a lyric poet. However, particular passages are wrought up into much life and beauty; and the apology in the concluding lines is gracefully enough made for the prosaic manner of the poem: for though the author's invention had not supplied him with a better, his true taste could not but tell him this was defective[2].

[1] See JOHNSON's *Lives of the Poets*.

[2] Bp. Hurd.

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# THE CAMPAIGN,

## A POEM.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause:
Accept, great leader! what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appenines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereigns' fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;



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Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair
His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.
To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By show'rs of blessings heav'n approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.
Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,

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Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues!
Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.
Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,

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That cheerfully its labours past forgets,
The midnight watches and the noonday heats.
O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein:
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue overrul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares entrust the cause of humankind.
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.

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So the stanch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are past,
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.
The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their ranks and wedg'd in firm array,
The close compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight they broke,
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle kindled into tenfold rage
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,



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Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.
How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat!
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlbro' lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.
At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortified in vain:
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.

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So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.
The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlbro's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donawert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies, and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there; surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of France,

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While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mix'd with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake:
The list'ning soldier fix'd in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.
But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangours animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

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The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,

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Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But see the haughty household troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!

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In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.

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Greatly distress'd! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.
With floods of gore, that from the vanquish'd fell,
The marshes stagnate and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to complete
Marlbro's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memingen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls,
Freed by the terror of the victor's name
The rescued states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword:

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Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete?
Where the swoln Rhine rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it tried
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And, though the dogstar had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons and increase of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream, he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlbro's sword, and Hocstat's fatal plain:
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,



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Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place:
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd

The royal youth by Marlbro's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And bless'd by rescued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlbro' presses to the bold attack,

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Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The work of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.
Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty;
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people bless'd.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.

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Marlbro's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint them truest praise them most.

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# PROLOGUE

TO THE

# TENDER HUSBAND[1].

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please;
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
  But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough country knights are found of every shire;
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of diff'rent characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.

[1] A comedy written by sir Richard Steele, who in dedicating it to Addison, acknowledges that he is indebted to him for several of its most successful scenes.



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Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool;
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town, and beat about the park,
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court:
As love of pleasure, or of place, invites:
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And wont be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night:
——Here's still encouragement for those that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play:
And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
The first a damsel, travell'd in romance;
The other more refin'd; she comes from France:
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger;
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

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# EPILOGUE

TO THE

# BRITISH ENCHANTERS[1].

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magic is to music join'd:
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
The desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.
The same dull sights in the same landscape mix'd,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continued show:
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, though the place stands still,

[1] A dramatic poem written by the lord Lansdown.

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While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgrest)
Th' enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
But howsoe'er[1], to please your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects disappear, and brighter rise:
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.

[1] A word which nobody would now use in verse, and not many in good prose. Bishop Hurd.

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# PROLOGUE

TO

# PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS[1].

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage:
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire;
While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit:
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles' repartee:
Our homespun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakspeare to the soft Scarlatti yield.
To your new taste the poet of this day,
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play;
Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shun'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,
It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:

[1] A tragedy written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

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How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolytus reply in Greek?
But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to-day.
And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

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# HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closeted several senators on the project: Horace is supposed to have written the following ode on this occasion.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

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Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes:
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods;
Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.
By arts like these did young Lyæus rise:
His tigers drew him to the skies,
Wild from the desert and unbroke:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd them to the lash, and bent them to the yoke.
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke.
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.
Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The tow'ring pile, and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire, partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.
Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,

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Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adult'rer shines no more:
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.
My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine:
The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvied find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd roar.
Still let the curs'd detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts, and silent deserts find;



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In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, couch'd, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise,
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two:
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
Riches the hardy soldier shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms,
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.
This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.

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A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raze:
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their army's head myself will show
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.
Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my fav'rite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground;
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.
But hold, my muse, forbear thy tow'ring flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

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# TRANSLATIONS

FROM

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.



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Mr. Addison appears to have been much taken with the native graces of Ovid's poetry. The following translations are highly finished, and even laboured, if I may so speak, into an ease which resembles very much, and almost equals, that of his author.—Bp. Hurd.

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# OVID'S

# METAMORPHOSES.

## BOOK II.

### THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought:
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægæon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.

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On earth a diff'rent landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.
Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god.
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.
The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages stand.
Here spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary winter shivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my son? for know
"My son thou art, and I must call thee so."
"Light of the world, the trembling youth replies,
"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
"The parent's name, some certain token give,
"That I may Clymene's proud boast believe,
"Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."
The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,

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And bid the youth advance: "My son," said he,
"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymene
"Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.
"As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
"Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
"By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
"And roll impervious to my piercing sight."
The youth transported, asks without delay,
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day,
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook:
"My son," says he, "some other proof require;
"Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire,
"I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
"Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
"Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
"Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
"Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
"Beyond the province of mortality:
"There is not one of all the gods that dares
"(However skill'd in other great affairs)
"To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
"Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
"That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
"Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
"The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain:
"And when the middle firmament they gain,
"If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
"And see the earth and ocean hang below,
"Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
"And my own heart misgives me at the sight.

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" A mighty downfall steeps the ev'ning stage,
" And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.
" Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driven
" Down headlong from the precipice of heaven.
" Besides, consider what impetuous force
" Turns stars and planets in a diff'rent course:
" I steer against their motions; nor am I
" Borne back by all the current of the sky.
" But how could you resist the orbs that roll
" In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
" But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
" And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods;
" While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
" Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
" For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
" The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;
" Next him the bright Hæmonian bow is strung;
" And next, the Lion's grinning visage hung:
" The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
" And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
" Nor would you find it easy to compose
" The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
" The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
" Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
" When they grow warm and restive to the rein.
" Let not my son a fatal gift require,
" But, oh! in time, recall your rash desire;
" You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
" Let these my fears your parentage reveal;
" And learn a father from a father's care:
" Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
" Could you but look, you'd read the father there.

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" Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
" For open to your wish all nature lies,
" Only decline this one unequal task,
" For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask;
" You ask a real mischief, Phaeton;
" Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son:
" I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
" Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice."
Thus did the god th' unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel through the skies.
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys:
When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble hours without delay
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble hours obey:
From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sov'reign virtue to repel the heat;

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Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,
"Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
"Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
"The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
"Your art must be to moderate their haste.
"Drive them not on directly through the skies,
"But where the zodiac's winding circle lies,
"Along the midmost zone; but sally forth
"Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.
"The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
"But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
"That no new fires or heav'n or earth infest;
"Keep the midway, the middle way is best.
"Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
"Direct your course, nor where the altar shines.
"Shun both extremes; the rest let fortune guide,
"And better for thee than thyself provide!
"See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
"Aurora gives the promise of a day;
"I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
"Snatch up the reins; or still th' attempt forsake,
"And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
"While yet securely on the earth you stand;
"Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
"Let me alone to light the world, while you
"Enjoy those beams which you may safely view."
He spoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reigns, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

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Meanwhile the restless horses neigh'd aloud.
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had pass'd, gave way,
And all the waste of heav'n before them lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea th' unballast'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurried headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
Then the sev'n stars first felt Apollo's ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes too, that fain
Thou wouldst have fled, though cumber'd with thy wain.
Th' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.



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Now could he wish the fiery steeds untried,
His birth obscure, and his request denied:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the sun.
So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost,
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and pray'r.
What could he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
The horses' names he knew not in the fright;
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold them tight.
Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropp'd the reins;
The horses felt them loose upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroll'd where'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurried on the day.

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And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Œagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Œta glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron glow;
And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in snow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Appenine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus shine;
And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge continued range of fire.
Th' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axletree beneath him glow'd:

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Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun:
Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymone fails.
The floods are drain'd from every distant coast,
Even Tanais, though fix'd in ice, was lost,
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd Mæander, that unwearied strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The swans, that on Cayster often tried
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and died.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roll'd, seven gaping trenches lie.
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.

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The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath, th' unshapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.
The Earth at length, on every side embrac'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapp'd her hand upon her brows, and said:
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat:)
" If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
" And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
" If I must perish by the force of fire,
" Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
" See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapp'd in clouds of smoke)
" See my singed hair, behold my faded eye,
" And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!



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" And does the plough for this my body tear?
" This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
" Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
" That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
" And food for man, and frankincense for you?
" But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
" Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
" The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
" Why does it waste, and farther shrink from heaven?
" If I nor he your pity can provoke,
" See your own heav'ns, the heav'ns begin to smoke!
" Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
" Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
" Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
" And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
" If heaven, and earth, and sea together burn,
" All must again into their chaos turn.
" Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
" And succour nature, ere it be too late."
She ceas'd; for chok'd with vapours round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
Jove call'd to witness every power above,
And ev'n the god, whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.
Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his show'rs and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor show'r.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,

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In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' almighty sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life, and from the chariot driv'n,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunderstruck from heav'n.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground;
The studded harness from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop;
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

### PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

The Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd,
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
" Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;
" His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
" But in the glorious enterprise he died."
Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted eve, without a sun:

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The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.
But Clymene, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd round the world she goes,
To seek where'er his body might be cast;
Till on the borders of the Po, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears,
The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears:
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaeton in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd;
So long the mother, and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldest, Phaethusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves;
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies stood
Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;

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But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,
" Forbear, mistaken parent, oh, forbear;
" A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
" Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
Distil for ever on the streams below.
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mix'd in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

### THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, allied
To their dead brother, on their mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd;
Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan.

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His voice was lessen'd, as he tried to speak,
And issued through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cycnus now into a swan was turn'd,
Who, still rememb'ring how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.
Meanwhile Apollo in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sunshine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.
Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
"E'er since the birth of time," said he, "I've borne
"A long ungrateful toil without return;
"Let now some other manage, if he dare,
"The fi'ry steeds, and mount the burning car;
"Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
"And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
"Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
"My son deserv'd not so severe a fate."
The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,

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Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

### THE STORY OF CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heav'ns above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe; the earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he cloth'd and cheer'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.
But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was tied;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.

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Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once: but favour lasts not long.
The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropp'd her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed:
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf without a guard.
"Here I am safe," he cries, "from Juno's eye;
"Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
"Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
"And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!"
Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.
"How fares my girl! How went the morning chase?"
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
"All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
"To Jove himself, though Jove himself were here."
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd.
He then salutes her with a warm embrace:
And, ere she half had told the morning chase,
With love enflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stopp'd her with a kiss,
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.

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The virgin did whate'er a virgin could;
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
With all her might against his force she strove;
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens th' exulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress rising from the grass,
With downcast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.
But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppress
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.
How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.



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A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near,
" Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash," she cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;
In vain excus'd: her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;
" Begone!" the goddess cries with stern disdain,
" Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain:"
She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.
This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddess cast a furious look, and cried,
" It is enough! I'm fully satisfied!
" This boy shall stand a living mark to prove
" My husband's baseness and the strumpet's love;
" But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms,
" That drew the thunderer from Juno's arms,
" No longer shall their wonted force retain,
" Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain."
This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground:
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;

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Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and though
She could not call him false, she thought him so.
How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her sire!
But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay;
She knew her son and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbade, and snatch'd them through the air,
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd them there,
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.
When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,

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She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both rever'd among the gods.
They ask what brings her there: "Ne'er ask," says she,
" What brings me here, heav'n is no place for me.
" You'll see when night has cover'd all things o'er,
" Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
" Usurp the heavens; you'll see them proudly roll
" In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
" And who shall now on Juno's altars wait,
" When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
" I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
" Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast;
" This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
" But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
" And, as he acted after Io's rape,
" Restore th' adult'ress to her former shape;
" Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
" The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
" But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
" And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
" Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
" Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."
The goddess ended, and her wish was given;
Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

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### THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsullied breast,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan, a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.
The story of his change shall here be told:
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confess'd the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or while he thought her true.
But his own bird, the raven, chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milkwhite pinions to the god he plied:
The busy daw flew with him, side by side,
And by a thousand teazing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.
"Stay, silly bird, th' illnatur'd task refuse,
"Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
"Be warn'd by my example: you discern
"What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
"My foolish honesty was all my crime;
"Then hear my story. Once upon a time



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" The two-shap'd Ericthonius had his birth
" (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
" Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
" Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
" The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
" To guard the chest, commanded not to look
" On what was hid within. I stood to see
" The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
" The sisters Pandrosos and Herse keep
" The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
" And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
" And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight;
" A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
" But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
" I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
" But for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
" The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
" And for her fav'rite chose the bird of night.
" Be then no telltale; for I think my wrong
" Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
" But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
" As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:
" But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lie;
" Though Pallas hate me now, she wont deny:
" For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
" Was once a maid (by heaven the story's true),
" A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
" A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
" My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
" Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
" Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.

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" He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
" And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
" Swift he pursued: I ran along the strand,
" Till, spent and wearied on the sinking sand,
" I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air;
" To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
" A virgin goddess heard a virgin's pray'r.
" For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
" I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
" I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
" My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:
" My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
" Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
" Lightly I tripp'd, nor weary as before
" Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore;
" Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr'd
" To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird:
" Preferr'd in vain! I now am in disgrace:
" Nyctimene the owl enjoys my place.
" On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
" (In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
" And of her dire amours you must have heard,
" For which she now does penance in a bird,
" That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
" And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
" The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
" The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."
The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curs'd the harmless daw; the daw withdrew:
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,

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And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook:
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been prest.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cried,
" Ah, cruel god! though I have justly died,
" What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
" That he should fall, and two expire in one?"
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.
The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpse he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.
But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ripp'd her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge;

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Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

### OCYROE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

Old Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
To see the child, Ocyroe was her name;
She knew her father's art, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale:
" Hail, great physician of the world, all hail;
" Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
" Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
" Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
" Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
" Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
" And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
" Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
" Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
" And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
" To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
" How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
" And quit thy claim to immortality!
" When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
" The hydra's venom rankling in thy veins!

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" The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
" And give thee over to the pow'r of fate."
Thus, ent'ring into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had she still to say; but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
" My voice," says she, " is gone, my language fails;
" Through every limb my kindred shape prevails:
" Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
" And with prophetic raptures swell my heart!
" What new desires are these? I long to pace
" O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on grass;
" I hasten to a brute, a maid no more;
" But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
" My sire does half a human shape retain,
" And in his upper parts preserves the man."
Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and misshapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare;
Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed exprest.
Her stooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

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THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCHSTONE.

Sore wept the centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd:
But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.
As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd.
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd;
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thievish god suspected him, and took
The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke;
" Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
" And take that milkwhite heifer for thy fee."
" Go, stranger," cries the clown, " securely on,
" That stone shall sooner tell;" and show'd a stone.
The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country swain;
And cries out, " Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
" Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
" In the recovery of my cattle join,
" A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
The peasant quick replies, " You'll find them there
" In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.

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The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
" And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
" Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he:
Then to a touchstone turns the faithless spy,
And in his name records his infamy.

### THE STORY OF AGLAUROS, TRANSFORMED INTO A STATUE.

This done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore:
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain.
The god well pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
And saw the bright procession pass below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them: as the spreading kite,
That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer;
So much did Hersè all the rest outvie,
And gave a grace to the solemnity.

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Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold bullet, that with fury slung
From balearic engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he strives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below;
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;
The glitt'ring sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well trimm'd pinion ties.
His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
That richly mix'd in clouds of tortoise shin'd,
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching god descried,
And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came.
" I come," replied the god, " from heaven, to woo
" Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
" I am the son and messenger of Jove,
" My name is Mercury, my business love;
" Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
" And gain admittance to your sister's heart.
She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,



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And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed;
And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
When disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast:
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possest,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.

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She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite: while watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy;
Foe to herself, distressing and distrest,
She bears her own tormenter in her breast.
The goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight:
" On curs'd Aglauros try thy utmost art,
" And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven: the hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give.
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flow'ry meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste:
On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep opprest.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,

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Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary bride appears in state:
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Giv'n up to Envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had past:
At length before the door herself she cast;
And sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god denied.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid.
In vain he sooth'd: "Begone!" the maid replies,
"Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."
"Then keep thy seat for ever," cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;

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Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chillness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
Till hard'ning everywhere, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone;
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

## EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and reascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will exprest.
" My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
" Thy sire's commands are through the world convey'd,
" Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
" And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
" There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
" The neighb'ring hill, and drive them to the shore."
Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighb'ring hill, and drove them to the shore;



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Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride,)
The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsullied by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand:
His eyeballs roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and exprest
The softness of the lover in the beast.
Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milkwhite bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there,
And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.

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In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breast.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne
Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictean shore;
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid:
Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

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# OVID'S

# METAMORPHOSES.

## BOOK III.

### THE STORY OF CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast;
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The restless youth search'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry sire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome,
There asks the god what new appointed home
Should end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this answer give:
" Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
" Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
" Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
" There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,

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" And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
" In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand."
No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes nor worn with servitude:
Her gently at a distance he pursued;
And as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flow'ry Panopè she took,
And now, Cephisus, cross'd thy silver brook;
When to the heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On those behind, till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.
Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie;
Then sends his servants to a neighb'ring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes:

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His tow'ring crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him, overlook'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
The serpent in the polar circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.
And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noonday sky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To search the woods the impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore,

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Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amidst their corps he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
" Such friends," he cries, " deserv'd a longer date;
" But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate."
Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe;
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
The pointed jav'lin more successful flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and raged in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away:
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein:
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast;
The plants around them wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;

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Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boist'rous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in th' extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy oak;
Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh:)
"Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
"Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?"
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
Pallas the guardian of the bold and wise,

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Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wond'ring eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.
He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.
So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees; till all the man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.
Cadmus surpris'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:
When one cried out, "Forbear, fond man, forbear
"To mingle in a blind promiscuous war."
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood: and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes:



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So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.
  Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have guess'd
The royal founder in his exile bless'd:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Allied by marriage to the deathless gods:
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.
  Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandsire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey.
And yet consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

### THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

In a fair chace a shady mountain stood,
Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntsmen till the heat of day
Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the rest:
"My friends," says he, "our sport is at the best.
"The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
"His burning beams directly on our heads;

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" Then by consent abstain from farther spoils,
" Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
" And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
" Take the cool morning to renew the chace."
They all consent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntsmen, laden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain.
Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
Full in the centre of the darksome wood
A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling swell into a lake below.
Nature had everywhere so played her part,
That everywhere she seem'd to vie with art.
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil untied;
Each busy nymph her proper part undrest;
While Crocale, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.
Now all undrest the shining goddess stood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,

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To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprise,
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries)
Then in a huddle round their goddess prest:
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
And though the crowded nymphs her body hide,
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow:
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd them in his face, while thus she spoke:
" Tell if thou can'st the wondrous sight disclos'd,
" A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."
This said, the man began to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance within a neighb'ring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He tried to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.

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What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart assails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.
He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flow'ry plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there
Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad huntsman, grov'ling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continued wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
He shook his head in answer to the name,



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He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker on.
But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master, panting in a deer.

### THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;
Some call'd the evils, which Diana wrought,
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault:
Others again esteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed:
For still she kept Europa in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carried in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke:
" Are my reproaches of so small a force?
" 'Tis time I then pursue another course:
" It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
" If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky

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" If rightly styl'd among the powers above
" The wife and sister of the thund'ring Jove,
" (And none can sure a sister's right deny)
" It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
" She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
" Pregnant, she rises to a mother's name;
" While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
" And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
" But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
" By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.
Old Beroë's decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
" Tis well," says she, " if all be true that's said;
" But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
" Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
" Many an honest well-designing maid,
" Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
" But if he be indeed the thund'ring Jove,
" Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
" Descend triumphant from th' etherial sky,
" In all the pomp of his divinity;
" Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,
" With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms."

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Th' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would choose;
" Fear not," replied the god, " that I'll refuse
" Whate'er you ask: may Styx confirm my voice,
" Choose what you will, and you shall have your choice.
" Then," says the nymph, " when next you seek my arms,
" May you descend in those celestial charms,
" With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,
" And fill with transport heaven's immortal dame."
The god, surpris'd, would fain have stopp'd her voice:
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice:
To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play.
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a secondrate.
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

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The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flashes, and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.
But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

### THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions pass'd on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire, and the cares of state;
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
" In troth," says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,
" The sense of pleasure in the male is far
" More dull and dead than what you females share."
Juno the truth of what was said denied;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had tried.
It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.
But after seven revolving years he view'd
The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;

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" And if," says he, " such virtue in you lie,
" That he who dares your slimy folds untie
" Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try."
Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
New-sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The sovereign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for Jove: when Juno, fir'd
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

### THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' inquiring nations sought their doom;
The fair Liriope his answers tried,
And first th' unerring prophet justified;
This nymph the god Cephisus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids e'en then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
" If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies."
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

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Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a lovesick maid her flame confess'd.
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
The lovesick maid in vain her flame confess'd.
Once, in the woods, as he pursued the chace,
The babbling echo had descried his face;
She, who in others' words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for though her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often, when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers slipp'd away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cried, "That tongue, for this thy crime
"Which could so many subtle tales produce,
"Shall be hereafter but of little use."
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.
This lovesick virgin, overjoy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell;
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.

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The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrified, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

### THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain:
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!"
Rhamnusia pitied the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.
There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsullied by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.

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For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindle in thee this unpitied love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
"You trees," says he, "and thou surrounding grove,
"Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
"Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
"A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?



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" I who before me see the charming fair,
" Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there :
" In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
" And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
" Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
" No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
" A shallow water hinders my embrace;
" And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
" That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
" My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
" Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
" Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
" My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd,
" O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
" But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
" With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
" Whene'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss,
" And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
" His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
" He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
" Whene'er I speak his moving lips appear
" To utter something, which I cannot hear.
" Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
" To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
" It is myself I love, myself I see;
" The gay delusion is a part of me.
" I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
" And my own beauties from the well return.
" Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
" Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
" And too much plenty makes me die for want.

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" How gladly would I from myself remove!
" And at a distance set the thing I love.
" My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
" I wish him absent whom I most desire.
" And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
" In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
" Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
" O might the visionary youth survive,
" I should with joy my latest breath resign!
" But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."
This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd.
His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
" Ah whither," cries Narcissus, " dost thou fly?
" Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
" Let me still see, though I'm no farther blest."
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast:
His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show;
Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun,
So melts the youth, and languishes away;
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.

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She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan:
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain," the nymph replies.
" Farewell," says he: the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she replied, " Farewell."
Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:
And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn;
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

## THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.
Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head:
" 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
" If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:
" For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
" When the young god's solemnities appear;

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" Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
" Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
" Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
" Then, then remember what I now foretel,
" And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."
Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil.
For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd:
" What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd?
" Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
" And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
" Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
" Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
" Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
" Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
" And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
" And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods;
" Will you without a stroke your city yield,
" And poorly quit an undisputed field?
" But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
" Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
" Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
" Not flow'ry garlands and a painted face;
" Remember him to whom you stand allied:
" The serpent for his well of waters died.
" He fought the strong; do you his courage show
" And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.



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" If Thebes must fall, oh might the fates afford
" A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!
" Then might the Thebans perish with renown:
" But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
" Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond'rous shield,
" Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
" But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
" The purple vests, and flow'ry garlands please.
" Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
" Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
" Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
" This boasted power; why then should Pentheus yield?
" Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
" I'll try the force of his divinity."
Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane;
His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I seen a river gently glide,
In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his servants came besmear'd with blood.
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

### THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands while thus he spoke:

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" Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
" And terrify thy base seditious crew:
" Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
" And why thou join'st in these mad orgies, tell."
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.
" From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
" Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name:
" My sire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd
" His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.
" His whole estate within the waters lay;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
" His art was all his livelihood; which he
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:
" 'In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
" There swims,' said he, 'thy whole inheritance.'
" Long did I live on this poor legacy;
" Till tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
" Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind:
" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
" The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
" With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.
" Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd,
" My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
" Moor'd in a Chian creek; ashore I went,
" And all the following night in Chios spent.
" When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
" Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring,
" Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd;
" Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.

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" Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
" Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
" With more than female sweetness in his look,
" Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
" With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
" And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
" Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
" And saw divinity in all his face.
"' I know not who,' said I, ' this god should be;
" But that he is a god I plainly see:
" And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
" These men have us'd; and oh! befriend our course!'
" ' Pray not for us,' the nimble Dictys cried;
" Dictys, that could the main top-mast bestride,
" And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
" To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
" Who overlook'd the oars, and timed the stroke;
" The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
" Such impious avarice their souls possest.
"' Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
" Within my vessel so divine a prey,'
" Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:
" When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
" From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
" With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
" Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
" His base confederates the fact approve;
" When Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,
" Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd;
" And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd:

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"' What means this noise?' he cries; 'am I betray'd?
" Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?'
" Fear not,' said Proreus, 'child, but tell us where
" You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.'
" 'To Naxos then direct your course,' said he;
" 'Naxos a hospitable port shall be
" To each of you, a joyful home to me.'
" By every god, that rules the sea or sky,
" The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
" And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
" With eager joy I launch into the deep;
" And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:
" They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
" And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
" To tack about, and steer another way.
"' Then let some other to my post succeed,'
" Said I, 'I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.'
"' What,' says Ethalion, 'must the ship's whole crew
" Follow your humour, and depend on you?'
" And straight himself he seated at the prore,
" And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
" The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
" And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
" And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said;
"' And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
" Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
" Will such a multitude of men employ
" Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?'
" In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,
" The more I begg'd they thwarted me the more.
" And now by all the gods in heaven that hear
" This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self, I swear,

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" The mighty miracle that did ensue,
" Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
" The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
" Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
" In vain the mariners would plough the main
" With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
" Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
" And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:
" The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
" And berries in the fruitful canvas seen.
" Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
" Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
" The god we now behold with open eyes;
" A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
" In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
" On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
" And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
" My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
" Leap'd overboard; first perjur'd Madon found
" Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround;
" 'Ah what,' cries one, 'has thus tranform'd thy look?'
" Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke;
" And now himself he views with like surprise.
" Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies;
" But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
" And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
" With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
" The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
" Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,
" Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
" And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.

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" Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
" A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
" I only in my proper shape appear,
" Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
" Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
" With him I landed on the Chian shore,
" And him shall ever gratefully adore."
" This forging slave," says Pentheus, " would prevail,
" O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale:
" Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
" And in the tortures of the rack expire."
Th' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

### THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echoed with their song.
And as the fiery warhorse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.

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His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd:
Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast,
And cries, "the boar that lays our country waste!
"The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
"And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help, help! my aunt Autonöe," he cried;
"Remember how your own Actæon died,"
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
His mother howl'd; and heedless of his pray'r,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
"And this," she cried, "shall be Agavè's share."
When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.
By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

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# OVID'S

# METAMORPHOSES.

## BOOK IV.

### THE STORY OF SALMACIS, AND HERMAPHRODITUS[a].

HOW Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.
The Naiads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore;
From both th' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.

[a] Mr. Addison was very young when he made these translations.—Still, one a little wonders how his virgin muse, "*nescia quid sit amor*" (as Ovid says of Hermaphroditus), could be drawn in to attempt this subject:—but the charms of the poetry prevailed. He very properly omits, or softens, the most obnoxious passages of his original; and, after all, seems half ashamed of what he had done, as we may conclude from his writing no notes on this story, which, being told in Ovid's best manner, must have suggested to him many fine ones.



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When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he crost,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It show'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight.
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
A nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chace,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
" Fie, Salmacis, what always idle! fie,
" Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
" And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
And dress'd her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.

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Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.
" Bright youth," she cries, " whom all thy features prove
" A god, and, if a god, the god of love;
" But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,
" Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest:
" But, oh! how blest! how more than blest thy bride,
" Allied in bliss, if any yet allied.
" If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be:
" If not, behold a willing bride in me."
The boy knew nought of love, and touch'd with shame,
He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became;
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
And such the moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss:
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, " or leave me to myself alone,
" You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone."
" Fair stranger then," says she, " it shall be so;"
And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore,
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.

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The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undress'd upon the banks he stood,
And clapp'd his sides, and leap'd into the flood:
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies shut within a crystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
" He's mine, he's all my own," the Naiad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clipt, and kiss'd the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwin'd,
" And why, coy youth," she cries, " why thus unkind!
" Oh may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
" Oh may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:

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For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.
The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own.)
You parent gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may rise again
Supple, unsinew'd, and but half a man!
The heavenly parents answer'd, from on high,
Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.



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# NOTES

ON

## SOME OF THE FOREGOING STORIES

IN

## OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

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### ON THE STORY OF PHAETON, PAGE 91.

THE story of Phaeton is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is indeed the most important subject he treats of, except the deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the first book:

*Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus*
*Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli*
*Ardeat et mundi moles operosa laboret;*

(though the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

*———Cœli miserere tui, circumspica utrumque,*
*Fumat uterque polus.*

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*Fumat uterque polus*—comes up to *correptaque regia cæli.*—Besides, it is Ovid's custom to prepare the reader for a following story, by giving such intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this he is now upon.

P. 91. l. 7. *For in the portal*, etc. We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

——*Balænarumque prementem*
*Ægeona suis immunia terga lacertis.*

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

——*Facies non omnibus una,*
*Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.*

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as showed their affinity:

*Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,*
*Fluminaque, et nymphas, et cætera numina ruris.*

The less important figures are well huddled together in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what the painters call a group.

——*Circum caput omne micantes*
*Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit.*

P. 92. last line. *And flung the blaze*, etc. It gives us a great image of Phœbus, that the youth was forced to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him till he had laid aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And, indeed, we may everywhere observe in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftiness in his ideas, though he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character

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of Claudian and Statius. But this is not considered by them, who run down Ovid in the gross, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more simple and unadorned than his description of Enceladus in the sixth book?

*Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,*
*Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro,*
*Læva, Pachyne tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,*
*Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus arenas*
*Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhæus.*

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an island upon his breast, and a vast promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worse commentators on them than Ovid's Metamorphoses. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the mythologies, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shown us out of an old author that Ovid is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a person into a wolf that ought to have been made a tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nicknames for such virtues or vices; particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Ross, has dived deeper into our author's design than any of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest mysteries of the Christian religion, and finds almost in every page some typical representation of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But if these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface, most of them serving only to help out a schoolboy in the construing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the *gnomæ* of the author, as they call them, which are generally the heaviest pieces of a poet, distinguished from the rest by Italian characters. The best of Ovid's

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expositors is he that wrote for the dauphin's use, who has very well shown the meaning of the author, but seldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most places he rather acts the geographer than the critic, and instead of pointing out the fineness of a description, only tells you in what part of the world the place is situated. I shall therefore only consider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to show him impartially, without the usual prejudice of a translator; which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a comment would give the reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce anything in others; but Ovid is confessed to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst poets, and by consequence to be the fairest subject for criticism.

P. 93. l. 13. *My son, says he,* etc. Phœbus's speech is very nobly ushered in, with the *Terque quaterque concutiens illustre caput*—and well represents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the representing them just as a father would to his young son:

*Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua Tauri,*
*Hæmoniosque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,*
*Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo*
*Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.*

For one while he scares him with bugbears in the way:

——*Vasti quoque rector Olympi,*
Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextra
*Non agat hos currus;* et quid Jove majus habetur?

*Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine Pœna,*
*Non honor est.* Pœnam, Phaeton, pro munere poscis:

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and in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which, by the way, makes the length of the speech very natural, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender parent:

*——Patrio pater esse metu probor, aspice vultus*
*Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses*
*Inserere, et patrias intus deprendere curas!* etc.

P. 95. l. 13. *A golden axle,* etc. Ovid has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully easy and natural in him. The repetition of Aureus, and the transition to Argenteus, in the description of the chariot, give these verses a great sweetness and majesty:

*Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ*
*Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.*

P. 96. l. 7. *Drive them not on directly,* etc. Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the sun. The dauphin's notes tell us, that Ovid knew very well the sun did not pass through all the signs he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaeton from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what Phœbus says in his first speech, it cannot for what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

*Sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes,*
*Zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque*
*Effugit australem, junctamque Aquilonibus Arcton,*

describes the motion through all the zodiac.

P. 95. l. 23. *And not my chariot,* etc. Ovid's verse is *consiliis non curribus utere nostris.* This way of joining two such different ideas as chariot and counsel to the same verb is mightily used by Ovid, but is a very low kind of wit, and has

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always in it a mixture of pun, because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that Jupiter flung a thunderbolt at Phaeton—*Pariterque, animâque, rotisque expulit aurigam*, where he makes a forced piece of Latin (*animâ expulit aurigam*), that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

P. 97. l. 17. *The youth was in a maze*, etc. It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than Phaeton is; but the antithesis of light and darkness a little flattens the description. *Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen abortæ.*

Ibid. l. 20. *Then the seven stars*, etc. I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the Triones grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calisto into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaeton had made in the world.

P. 99. l. 12. *Athos and Tmolus*, etc. Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the English reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse required.

P. 100. l. 5. *'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor*, etc. This is the only metamorphosis in all this long story, which, contrary to custom, is inserted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him, who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that if Ovid had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient mythologists, we should have seen Phaeton turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the sun; or perhaps into an eagle, that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

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P. 100. l. 26. *The frighted Nile*, etc. Ovid has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story. His verses on the Nile

*Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem*
*Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet: ostia septem*
*Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles,*

are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

*Mare contrahitur, siccæque est campus arenæ;*

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

———*Quos altum texerat æquor*
*Existunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas augent:*

But to tell us that the swans grew warm in Cäyster,

———*Medio volucres caluere Cäystro,*

and that the dolphins durst not leap,

———*Nec se super æquora curvi*
*Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras,*

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of the world.

P. 101. l. 17. *The earth at length*, etc. We have here a speech of the earth, which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an English reader. It is, I believe, the boldest prosopopœia of any in the old poets; or if it were never so natural, I cannot but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her condition.



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ON EUROPA'S RAPE, P. 126.

L. 3. *The dignity of empire*, etc. This story is prettily told, and very well brought in by those two serious lines,

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur,*
*Majestas et amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, etc.*

without which the whole fable would have appeared very profane.

P. 127. l. 11. *The frighted nymph looks*, etc. This consternation and behaviour of Europa

*———Elusam designat imagine tauri*
*Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putares.*
*Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,*
*Et comites clamare suos, tactumque vereri*
*Assilientis aquæ, timidasque reducere plantas,*

is better described in Arachne's picture in the sixth book, than it is here, and in the beginning of Tatius his Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the Latin poets (who had more art and reflection than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itself; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture itself, or what is represented in it.

ON THE STORIES IN THE THIRD BOOK, P. 128.

FAB. I.

There is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat of them rightly ought to be a

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master of all styles, and every different way of writing. Ovid, indeed, shows himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable the serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that represents them more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow.

P. 130. l. 14. *Spire above spire*, etc. Ovid, to make his serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his champion, has given too great a loose to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body, he overlooked a tall forest of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a monster as this is described to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. Virgil is not ashamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of Polyphemus, in the third book; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: but we should certainly have seen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.

*———Phœnicas, sive illi tela parabant,*
*Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,*
*Occupat.———*

P. 130. l. 21. *In vain the Tyrians*, etc. The poet could not keep up his narration all along in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic style: he has here sunk into the flatness of

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prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the sight of the serpent:

*———Tegimen direpta leoni*
*Pellis erat; telum splendenti lancea ferro,*
*Et jaculum; teloque animus præstantior omni.*

And in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse for the sake of one of his little turns. How does he languish in that which seems a laboured line! *Tristia sanguinea lambentem vulnera lingua.* And what pains does he take to express the serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it!

*Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,*
*Læsaque colla dabat retro, plagamque sedere*
*Cedendo fecit, nec longiùs ire sinebat.*

P. 133. l. 6. *And flings the future,* etc. The description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in Ovid: it strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the *messis virorum* at last.

Ibid. l. 11. *The breathing harvest,* etc. *Messis clypeata virorum.* The beauty of these words would have been greater, had only *messis virorum* been expressed without *clypeata;* for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprise to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The Latin poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them, for the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When anything we describe has accidentally in it some

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quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we describe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of crystal with water in the midst of it for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the crystal as hard, stony, precious water, and the water as soft, fluid, imperfect crystal; and thus sports off above a dozen epigrams, in setting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himself up so much to this way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet with them when he sees his subject, and often strains so hard for them, that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's golden bough had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow bark, golden sprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures; when we see Virgil contented with his *auri frondentis;* and what is the same, though much finer expressed,—*frondescit virga metallo.* This composition of different ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the Latin poets (for the Greeks wanted art for it), in their descriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse which, perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil; *Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum,* Æn. 8. where he describes Æneas carrying on his shoulders the reputation and fortunes of his posterity; which, though very odd and surprising, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing ideas are



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reconciled, and his posterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he says—*rupit cœlestia crimina.* I shall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent stroke of this nature, out of Mr. Montagu's poem to the king; where he tells us how the king of France would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as king William's at the fight of the Boyne:

> His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
> And run for ever purple in the looms.

P. 134. l. 3. *Here Cadmus reign'd.* This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of Actæon, which is all naturally told. The goddess and her maids undressing her are described with diverting circumstances. Actæon's flight, confusion, and griefs are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up.

> *———Ut abesse queruntur,*
> *Nec capere oblatæ segnem spectacula prædæ.*
> *Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,*
> *Non etiam sentire, canum fera facta suorum.*

## FAB. II.

P. 137. l. 7. *A generous pack,* etc. I have not here troubled myself to call over Actæon's pack of dogs in rhyme; Spot and Whitefoot make but a mean figure in heroic verse, and the Greek names Ovid uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of jest on it, *quosque referre mora est*—which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting catalogues of proper names in their

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poems, the Latins took from the Greeks, but have made them more pleasing than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons' names: in which part Ovid's copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our English verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural, and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battle, to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the event, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For had Homer or Virgil only told us, in two or three lines, before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every leader singled out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

## FAB. III.

P. 138. l. 21. *How Semele*, etc. This is one of Ovid's finished stories. The transition to it is proper and unforced: Juno, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting goddess and a tattling nurse: Jupiter makes a very majestic figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover Ovid's hand in the

> *Quà tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.*
> *Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa,*
> *Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.*
> *Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum*
> *Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit Iræ,*
> *Tela secunda vocant superi.——*

P. 139. l. 22. *"'Tis well," says she*, etc. Virgil has made a Beroë of one of his goddesses in the fifth Æneid; but if we

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compare the speech she there makes with that of her namesake in this story, we may find the genius of each poet discovering itself in the language of the nurse: Virgil's Iris could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but Juno is so much altered from herself in Ovid, that the goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

## FAB. V.

P. 143. l. 31. *She can't begin*, etc. If playing on words be excusable in any poem it is in this, where Echo is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that if it deserves excuse, it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke, in his Essay on the Human Understanding, has given us the best account of wit, in short, that can anywhere be met with. "Wit," says he, "lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprising and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lies in the likeness of letters only, as in anagram and acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggrel rhymes; or whole words, as puns, echoes, and the like. Besides these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it. When in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word which properly signifies fire, to express love by (and therefore we may be sure there is

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some resemblance in the ideas mankind have of them); from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they have once called love a fire, consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under the notion of a real fire, and as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame; when the sea-nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water; the Greek epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snowball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the poet feels anything in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and, by joining this circumstance to it, surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance had it not been so frequent in Ovid, who is the greatest admirer of this mixed wit of all the ancients, as our Cowley is among the moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greatest poets, scorned it, as indeed it is only fit for epigram and little copies of verses; one would wonder, therefore, how so sublime a genius as Milton could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an epic poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers, in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of poetry.

## FAB. VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too?

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*Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.*
*——Qui probat, ipse probatur.*
*Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet,*
*Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.*
*Perque oculos perit ipse suos——*
*Uror amore mei flammas moveoque feroque, etc.*

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The design was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himself here on earth; but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 144. l. 27. *But whilst within*, etc. *Dumque sitim sedare cupit sitis altera crevit.* We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of pun in it outweighs the true wit; for if we express the thought in other words, the turn is almost lost. This passage of Narcissus probably gave Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though I think her surprise at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural than this of Narcissus. She was a raw inexperienced being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but Narcissus had been in the world sixteen years, and was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

P. 145. l. 29. *You trees, says he*, etc. Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them, but I leave it to better judgment to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either

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diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great critic has admirably well observed, *lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam lachryma subito excrescit, et difficile est auditorem vel lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere.* Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cried out—*inopem me copia fecit?* Or can anything be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection?

*O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!*
*Votum in amante novum; vellem, quod amamus abesset.*

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may everywhere observe in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment, and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

## FAB. VII.

P. 149. l. 12. *When Pentheus thus*, etc. There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of Pentheus, but I believe none besides Ovid would have thought of the transformation of the serpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans' courage, when he desires them not to degenerate from their great forefather the dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

*Este, precor memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,*
*Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,*
*Sumite serpentis; pro fontibus ille, lacuque*
*Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestrâ,*
*Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,*
*Et patrium revocate decus.——*

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## FAB. VIII.

The story of Acœtes has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the sailors' characters and manners. But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear so well in our language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

## FAB. IX.

Ovid has two very good similes on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former story, and to a warhorse in the present.

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TO

# SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS

## PICTURE OF THE KING.

---

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!



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Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
  This image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And stamp'd on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
  Thou, Kneller [1], long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vied
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in their robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.
  Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,

[1] *Thou, Kneller*, etc. If this little poem had begun here, and ended with "*their king defied*," it had been equal, or superior, to anything in any other poet, on the like occasion.—HURD.

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Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
Wise Phidias[2], thus his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove;
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.
Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn too, with upcast eyes,
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,

[2] There never was anything happier than this whole illustration, nor more exquisitely expressed.—HURD.

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That from a hundred hills allied
In impious leagues their king defied.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove!

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# POEMATA.

Addison's Latin poems first brought him into repute, and are, indeed, entitled to particular praise. "Three of them," says Dr. Johnson, "are upon subjects on which, perhaps, he would not have written in his own language. The Battle of the Pigmies and Cranes; the Barometer; and a Bowling-green." His reason for thinking so is, that these objects are too low and uninteresting to become subjects of poetry in our vulgar tongue. We question, however, the justness of the remark, and refer our readers to the titles of some of the prettiest little poems and jeu-d'esprits in the English language to back our opinion. Bourne has written many of his sweetest Latin poems on subjects of much the same stamp.

Our great moralist also tells us, that our author did not confine himself to the imitation of any particular writer in his Latin poems, but formed his style from a general reading of the ancients. Bishop Hurd, however, who gives them great praise, observes, that "they are the better worth reading as they show with what care our young author had studied the prince of Latin poets, and from what source he afterwards derived his *sweet Virgilian prose*. This *Virgilianism*," he continues, "if I may so speak,



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consists in opening a subject by degrees; in presenting it, first, in few and simple terms, and then enlarging and brightening it by a more distinct and exquisite expression, till the description becomes, as it were, full-blown, and is set before us in all its grace and beauty. It is remarkable that Mr. Addison's studious imitation of Virgil's manner hurt his English poetry sometimes, though it always improved his English prose. The reason was, he had no facility in rhyming, and so was obliged many times to take up with a weaker word or phrase than its place in his verse required; hence the frequent redundancies in his rhymed poetry, which were intended by him as amplifications. In his prose he was under no such restraint; and his exact taste always led him to perfection. That this observation is just we may see from his Cato, where the freedom of blank verse, as it is called, secures him from this mischance; and from these Latin poems, in which the Virgilian gradation is everywhere observed, and nicely imitated."

It only remains to be said, that these poems were written when he was very young. He was only twenty-five at the publication of that on the Peace of Riswick, perhaps nearly the last which he wrote. And to show how very early he excelled in this kind of composition, his biographer informs us, that in his seventeenth year the accidental perusal of some of his Latin verses gained him the patronage of Dr. Lancaster, afterwards provost of Queen's, by whose recommendation he was elected to a demyship in Magdalen college, Oxford.

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HONORATISSIMO VIRO

# CAROLO MONTAGU,

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, ETC.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstent Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam

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adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis tuæ
Cultor devotissimus,
JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

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# POEMATA.

## PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis

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Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque Ormondi volnere campos!
Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus[1] fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!
Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.

[1] Honoratissimus D. Dominus Cutts. Baro de Gowran, etc.

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Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovi que latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis[2], ductor fortissime, turmis
Exere, tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus
Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.

[2] Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

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En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum[3] qui subjicit orbem,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Nassovi secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.

[3] Muscoviæ Imperator.

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Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque[4] nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque juventæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formosa serenat

[4] Celsissimus princeps dux Glocestrensis.



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Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lusit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit; interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas
Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?
En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra Leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi

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Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

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# BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

QUA penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et, gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aer
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.

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Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens Argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent comsumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuensque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura,
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.



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Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

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# ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ,

SIVE,

# PRÆLIUM

INTER

## PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

---

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, versuque sonoro
Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graium juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, gruibusque malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem e nubibus hostem.

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Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessu vireta)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna et securo crepitat grus improba nido.
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virumque
Commissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum

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Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
  Jamque dies pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans, omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro,
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aere concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.
  Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
  Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.

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Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti!
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aera plumæ,
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.

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Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, subito appulsus (sic dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum; frustra pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt gruibus plaudentibus escam.
Jamque recrudescit bellum, grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, solioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.
Viribus absumptis penitus pygmeia tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus cubitalis oberrat.
Instant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, gruum tot læta triumphis,

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Funditus interiit: nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruit olim
Assyriæ imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anili
Fabula, pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, pygmæos corpore cassos.
Dum secura gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

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# RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

---

EGREGIOS fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.
Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,



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Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Alligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defuncti sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.

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Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
Quam mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem e tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus[1], sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:

[1] Coll. Magd. fundator.

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Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium similem virtus habitura!—
Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora
Vindex a tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequicquam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

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# SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC, ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Desecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque sinit procedere recto.
Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut sors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, quæ cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat; subito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem



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Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram a recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingant socios, confundatque orbibus orbes,
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia.——

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Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et falsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

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AD

# D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM

# MEDICUM ET POETAM.

---

O QUI canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
  Feliciore luctuosis
    Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
  Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
    Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
  Scyphumque jucundus require
    Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
  Minister ingens, imperîque
    Præsidium haud leve Montacutus.
Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
  Nec cæteros cautus mederi
    Ipse tuam minuas salutem.

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Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
  Attentus explorare venam
    Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
Frustra liquores quot chymica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
  Innatus herbis te fatigant:
    Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
  Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
    (Relliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis, tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
  Suumque victorem vicissim
    Subjiciet libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
  Reddit molestam, urgetve curas
    Sponte sua satis ingruentes:
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
  Felix amicis, gaudiisque
    Innocuis bene temperata.

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# MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES,

## ANGLICE

## A PUPPET-SHOW.

---

ADMIRANDA cano levium spectacula rerum
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent.
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat; mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens

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A tergo gibbus; pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hinc succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.

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Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti,
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artibus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

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AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

# D. THO. BURNETTUM,

## SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUCTOREM.

---

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poscis, non humiles modos:
  Vulgare plectrum languidæque
    Respuis officium camœnæ.
Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
  Terramque concretam, et latentem
    Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
  Utcunque stet commune vulgi
    Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditor ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
  Fundamina, et compage fracta
    Supposita gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
  Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
    Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
  Stellasque miratur natantes,
    Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.



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Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calescit spiritus ingenî!
  Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
    Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
  Incedat orbis dum dolosi
    Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
  Coget refingens, in priorem
    Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
  Incendiis, commune mundo
    Et populis meditata bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
  Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
    Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
  Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
    Heu socio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globum!
  En læta vernantis Favonî
    Flamina, perpetuosque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,
  Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
    Accipiet renovata civem.

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# AN ESSAY

ON

# VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

---

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three the greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in pastoral and heroics, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majesty of an heroic poem anywhere appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pastorals and Æneids, but the Georgics are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently

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taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a shepherd is in pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place; the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the address of a poet. No rules, therefore, that relate to pastoral, can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall under that class of poetry, which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgics go upon, is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it

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teaches us; and makes the driest of its precepts look like a description. A Georgic, therefore, is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry. Now since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shows his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and show themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious braid of needlework, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner; for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often



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conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out, as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us, the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other:

*Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus*
*Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala*
*Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.*
*——Steriles Platani malos gessere valentes*
*Castaneæ fagos, ornusque incanuit albo*
*Flore pyri:* Glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
*——Nec longum tempus: et ingens*
*Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;*
*Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.*

Here we see the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprise, and by consequence the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is everywhere much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the

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imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the poet must take care not to encumber his poem with two much business; but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest awhile for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance at least to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's descriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet lanches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus: but it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its

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proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines:

*Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis*
*Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,*
*Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:*
*Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,*
*Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.*

And afterwards, speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at through the whole poem:

*——————Non ullus aratro*
*Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis:*
*Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.*

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic; and, indeed, this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that everything he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but everywhere to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the

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common form of words, would not make use of *tempore* but *sydere* in his first verse; and everywhere else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's masterpiece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves: and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some farther notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was probably for his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandise, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is everywhere bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in describing month after month with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verse. The reader is carried through a course of

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weather, and may beforehand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sunshine, in the next description. His descriptions, indeed, have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus when he speaks of January; "The wild beasts, says he, run shivering through the woods with their heads stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost flayed with cold; but it is not so bad with the sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pinched with the weather, but the young girls feel nothing of it who sit at home with their mothers by a warm fireside." Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shown more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a Georgic: where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Hesiod has dispatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such a variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we see in

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one the plainness of a downright countryman, and in the other something of a rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the ploughtail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has picked out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors than any of the rest. The poet, with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has, indeed, as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it:

> ——*O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi*
> *Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!*

And is everywhere mentioning among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottoes, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fireside.

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The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to outdo Lucretius in the description of his plague, and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems nowhere so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic: and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in his Æneis he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well showed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapin. The speech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But

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though I think there are some few parts in it are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's lifetime; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod. *Nudus ara, sera nudus*— And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and, indeed, the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and plowing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of Miscellany Poems; but shall conclude this poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The Æneis indeed is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.



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# A DISCOURSE

ON

# ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING[1].

THE present age seems to have a very true taste of polite learning, and perhaps takes the beauties of an ancient author, as much as it is possible for it at so great a distance of time. It may, therefore, be some entertainment to us to consider what pleasure the contemporaries and countrymen of our old writers found in their works, which we at present are not capable of; and whether at the same time the moderns may not have some advantages peculiar to themselves, and discover several graces that arise merely from the antiquity of an author.

And here the first and most general advantage

[1] There can be no doubt of the genuineness of this piece. The internal marks of its author are many and unequivocal; as must, I think, appear to every attentive reader who has any acquaintance with Mr. Addison's style and manner. But I should guess that it was drawn up by him in his younger days, and that it was not retouched, or at least finished by him. The reason might be, that he had afterwards worked up the principal observations of this piece into his critical papers on Milton. HURD.

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the ancients had over us, was, that they knew all the secret history of a composure: what was the occasion of such a discourse or poem, whom such a sentence aimed at, what person lay disguised in such a character: for by this means they could see their author in a variety of lights, and receive several different entertainments from the same passage. We, on the contrary, can only please ourselves with the wit or good sense of a writer, as it stands stripped of all those accidental circumstances that at first helped to set it off: we have him but in a single view, and only discover such essential standing beauties as no time or years can possibly deface.

I do not question but Homer, who in the diversity of his characters has far excelled all other heroic poets, had an eye on some real persons who were then living, in most of them. The description of Thersites is so spiteful and particular, that I cannot but think it one of his own or his country's enemies in disguise, as on the contrary his Nestor looks like the figure of some ancient and venerable patriot: an effeminate fop, perhaps, of those times lies hid in Paris, and a crafty statesman in Ulysses: Patroclus may be a compliment on a celebrated friend, and Agamemnon the description of a majestic prince. Ajax, Hector, and Achilles, are all of them valiant, but in so different a manner as perhaps has characterized the different kinds of heroism that Homer had observed in some of his great contemporaries. Thus far we learn from the poet's life, that he endeavoured to gain favour and patronage by his verse; and it is very probable he thought of this method of ingratiating himself with particular persons, as he has made the drift of the whole poem a compliment on his country in general.

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And to show us that this is not a bare conjecture only, we are told in the account that is left us of Homer, that he inserted the very names of some of his contemporaries. Tychius and Mentor in particular are very neatly celebrated in him. The first of these was an honest cobbler, who had been very kind and serviceable to the poet, and is therefore advanced in his poem to be Ajax's shield-maker. The other was a great man in Ithica, who for his patronage and wisdom has gained a very honourable post in the Odyssey, where he accompanies his great countryman in his travels, and gains such a reputation for his prudence, that Minerva took his shape upon her when she made herself visible. Themius was the name of Homer's schoolmaster; but the poet has certainly drawn his own character under, when he sets him forth as a favourite of Apollo, that was deprived of his sight, and used to sing the noble exploits of the Grecians.

Virgil too may well be supposed to give several hints in his poem, which we are not able to take, and to have lain many by-designs and under-plots, which are too remote for us to look into distinctly at so great a distance: but as for the characters of such as lived in his own time, I have not so much to say of him as Homer. He is indeed very barren in this part of his poem, and has but little varied the manners of the principal persons in it. His Æneas is a compound of valour and piety, Achates calls himself his friend, but takes no occasion of showing himself so; Mnesteus, Sergestus, Gyas, and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the same stamp and character:

———*Fortemq; Gyan fortemq; Cloanthum.*

Besides, Virgil was so very nice and delicate a

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writer, that probably he might not think his compliment to Augustus so great, or so artfully concealed, if he had scattered his praises more promiscuously, and made his court to others in the same poem. Had he entertained any such design, Agrippa must in justice have challenged the second place, and if Agrippa's representative had been admitted, Æneas would have had very little to do; which would not have redounded much to the honour of his emperor. If, therefore, Virgil has shadowed any great persons besides Augustus in his characters, they are to be found only in the meaner actors of his poem, among the disputers for a petty victory in the fifth book, and perhaps in some few other places. I shall only mention Iopas the philosophical musician at Dido's banquet, where I cannot but fancy some celebrated master complimented, for methinks the epithet Crinitus is so wholly foreign to the purpose, that it perfectly points at some particular person; who, perhaps (to pursue a wandering guess), was one of the Grecian performers then in Rome; for besides that they were the best musicians and philosophers, the termination of the name belongs to their language, and the epithet is the same [Καρηκομόωντες] that Homer gives to his countrymen in general.

Now that we may have a right notion of the pleasure we have lost on this account, let us only consider the different entertainment we of the present age meet with in Mr. Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, from what an English reader will find a hundred years hence, when the figures of the persons concerned are not so lively and fresh in the minds of posterity. Nothing can be more delightful than to see two characters facing each other all along and running parallel through the whole piece, to compare



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feature with feature, to find out the nice resemblance in every touch, and to see where the copy fails, and where it comes up to the original. The reader cannot but be pleased to have an acquaintance thus rising by degrees in his imagination; for whilst the mind is busy in applying every particular, and adjusting the several parts of the description, it is not a little delighted with its discoveries, and feels something like the satisfaction of an author from his own composure.

What is here said of Homer and Virgil holds very strong in the ancient satirists and authors of dialogues, but especially of comedies. What could we have made of Aristophanes's Clouds, had he not told us on whom the ridicule turned; and we have good reason to believe we should have relished it more than we do, had we known the design of each character, and the secret intimations in every line. Histories themselves often come down to us defective on this account, where the writers are not full enough to give us a perfect notion of occurrences; for the tradition, which at first was a comment on the story, is now quite lost, and the writing only preserved for the information of posterity.

I might be very tedious on this head, but I shall only mention another author who, I believe, received no small advantage from this consideration, and that is Theophrastus, who probably has shown us several of his contemporaries in the representation of his passions and vices; for we may observe in most of his characters something foreign to his subject, and some other folly or infirmity mixing itself with the principal argument of his discourse. His eye seems to have been so attentively fixed on the person in whom the vanity reigned, that other circumstances

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of his behaviour, besides those he was to describe, insinuated themselves unawares, and crept insensibly into the character. It was hard for him to extract a single folly out of the whole mass without leaving a little mixture in the separation: so that his particular vice appears something discoloured in the description, and his discourse, like a glass set to catch the image of any single object, gives us a lively resemblance of what we look for; but at the same time returns a little shadowy landscape of the parts that lie about it.

And, as the ancients enjoyed no small privilege above us, in knowing the persons hinted at in several of their authors; so they received a great advantage in seeing often the pictures and images that are frequently described in many of their poets. When Phidias had carved out his Jupiter, and the spectators stood astonished at so awful and majestic a figure, he surprised them more by telling them it was a copy: and, to make his words true, showed them the original, in that magnificent description of Jupiter towards the latter end of the first Iliad. The comparing both together probably discovered secret graces in each of them, and gave new beauty to their performances: thus in Virgil's first Æneid, where we see the representation of Rage bound up, and chained in the temple of Janus:

> ——————————*Furor impius intus*
> *Sæva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis*
> *Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.*

Though we are much pleased with so wonderful a description, how must the pleasure double on those who could compare the poet and the statuary together, and see which had put most horror and dis-

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traction into his figure. But we, who live in these lower ages of the world, are such entire strangers to this kind of diversion, that we often mistake the description of a picture for an allegory, and do not so much as know when it is hinted at. Juvenal tells us, a flatterer will not stick to compare a weak pair of shoulders to those of Hercules when he lifts up Antæus from the earth. Now, what a forced, unnatural similitude does this seem, amidst the deep silence of scholiasts and commentators? But how full of life and humour, if we may suppose it alluded to some remarkable statue of these two champions, that perhaps stood in a public place of the city? There is now in Rome a very ancient statue entangled in a couple of marble serpents, and so exactly cut in Laocoon's posture and circumstances, that we may be sure Virgil drew after the statuary, or the statuary after Virgil: and if the poet was the copier, we may be sure it was no small pleasure to a Roman, that could see so celebrated an image outdone in the description.

I might here expatiate largely on several customs that are now forgotten, though often intimated by ancient authors; and particularly on many expressions of their contemporary poets, which they had an eye upon in their reflections, though we at present know nothing of the business. Thus Ovid begins the second book of his elegies with these two lines:

*Hæc quoque scribebam Pelignis natus aquosis,*
*Ille ego nequitiæ Naso poeta meæ.*

How far these may prove the four verses prefixed to Virgil's Æneid genuine, I shall not pretend to determine: but I dare say Ovid in this place hints

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at them if they are so; and I believe every reader will agree, that the humour of these lines would be very much heightened by such an allusion, if we suppose a love-adventure ushered in with an *Ille ego*, and taking its rise from something like a preface to the Æneid. Guesses might be numberless on this occasion, and though sometimes they may be grounded falsely, yet they often give a new pleasure to the reader, and throw in abundance of light on the more intricate and obscure passages of an ancient author.

But there is nothing we want more direction in at present than the writings of such ancient authors as abound with humour, especially where the humour runs in a kind of cant, and a particular set of phrases. We may, indeed, in many places, by the help of a good scholiast, and skill in the customs and language of a country, know that such phrases are humorous, and such a metaphor drawn from a ridiculous custom; but at the same time the ridicule flags, and the mirth languishes to a modern reader, who is not so conversant and familiar with the words and ideas that lie before him; so that the spirit of the jest is quite palled and deadened, and the briskness of an expression lost to an ear that is so little accustomed to it. This want of discerning between the comical and serious style of the ancients, has run our modern editors and commentators into a senseless affectation of Terence's and Plautus's phrases, when they desire to appear pure and classical in their language: so that you often see the grave pedant making a buffoon of himself, where he least designs it, and running into light and trifling phrases, where he would fain appear solemn and judicious.

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Another great pleasure the ancients had beyond us, if we consider them as the poet's countrymen, was, that they lived as it were upon the spot, and within the verge of the poem; their habitations lay among the scenes of the Æneid; they could find out their own country in Homer, and had every day, perhaps, in their sight, the mountain or field where such an adventure happened, or such a battle was fought. Many of them had often walked on the banks of Helicon, or the sides of Parnassus, and knew all the private haunts and retirements of the muses: so that they lived as it were on fairy ground, and conversed in an enchanted region, where everything they looked upon appeared romantic, and gave a thousand pleasing hints to their imaginations. To consider Virgil only in this respect: how must a Roman have been pleased, that was well acquainted with the capes and promontories, to see the original of their names as they stand derived from Misenus, Palinurus, and Cajeta? that could follow the poet's motions, and attend his hero in all his marches from place to place? that was very well acquainted with the lake Amsanctus, where the fury sunk, and could lead you to the mouth of the cave where Æneas took his descent for hell? Their being conversant with the place where the poem was transacted, gave them a greater relish than we can have at present of several parts of it; as it affected their imaginations more strongly, and diffused through the whole narration a greater air of truth. The places stood as so many marks and testimonies to the veracity of the story that was told of them, and helped the reader to impose upon himself in the credibility of the relation. To consider only that passage in the eighth Æneid, where the

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poet brings his hero acquainted with Evander, and gives him a prospect of that circuit of ground, which was afterwards covered with the metropolis of the world. The story of Cacus, which he there gives us at large, was probably raised on some old confused tradition of the place, and if so, was doubly entertaining to a Roman, when he saw it worked up into so noble a piece of poetry, as it would have pleased an Englishman, to have seen in prince Arthur any of the old traditions of Guy varied and beautified in an episode, had the chronology suffered the author to have led his hero into Warwickshire on that occasion. The map of the place, which was afterwards the seat of Rome, must have been wonderfully pleasing to one that lived upon it afterwards, and saw all the alterations that happened in such a compass of ground: two passages in it are inimitably fine, which I shall here transcribe, and leave the reader to judge what impressions they made on the imagination of a Roman, who had every day before his eyes the capitol and the forum:

*Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et capitolia ducit*
*Aurea nunc, olim silvestribus horrida dumis.*
*Jam tum Religio pavidos terrebat agrestes*
*Dira loci, jam tum silvam saxumq; tremebant.*
*Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,*
*Quis Deus, incertum est, habitat Deus. Arcades ipsum*
*Credunt se vidisse Jovem: cum sæpe nigrantem*
*Ægida concuteret dextrâ, nimbosq; cieret.*

And afterwards,

*——————Ad tecta subibant*
*Pauperis Evandri, passimq; armenta videbant*
*Romanoq; foro et lautis mugire carinis.*

There is another engaging circumstance that made Virgil and Homer more particularly charming

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to their own countrymen, than they can possibly appear to any of the moderns; and this they took hold of by choosing their heroes out of their own nation: for by this means they have humoured and delighted the vanity of a Grecian or Roman reader, they have powerfully engaged him on the hero's side, and made him, as it were, a party in every action; so that the narration renders him more intent, the happy events raise a greater pleasure in him, the passionate part more moves him, and in a word, the whole poem comes more home, and touches him more nearly, than it would have done had the scene lain in another country, and a foreigner been the subject of it. No doubt but the inhabitants of Ithaca preferred the Odyssey to the Iliad, as the Myrmidons, on the contrary, were not a little proud of their Achilles. The men of Pylos probably could repeat word for word the wise sentences of Nestor: and we may well suppose Agamemnon's countrymen often pleased themselves with their prince's superiority in the Greek confederacy. I believe, therefore, no Englishman reads Homer or Virgil with such an inward triumph of thought, and such a passion of glory, as those who saw in them the exploits of their own countrymen or ancestors. And here, by the way, our Milton has been more universally engaging in the choice of his persons, than any other poet can possibly be. He has obliged all mankind, and related the whole species to the two chief actors in his poem. Nay, what is infinitely more considerable, we behold in him, not only our ancestors, but our representatives. We are really engaged in their adventures, and have a personal interest in their good or ill success. We are not only their offspring, but sharers in their

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fortunes; and no less than our own eternal happiness or misery depends on their single conduct: so that every reader will here find himself concerned, and have all his attention and solicitude raised, in every turn and circumstance of the whole poem.

If the ancients took a greater pleasure in the reading of their poets than the moderns can, their pleasure still rose higher in the perusal of their orators; though this I must confess proceeded not so much from their precedence to us in respect of time as judgment. Every city among them swarmed with rhetoricians, and every senate-house was almost filled with orators; so that they were perfectly well versed in all the rules of rhetoric, and perhaps knew several secrets in the art that let them into such beauties of Demosthenes, or Cicero, as are not yet discovered by a modern reader. And this I take to have been the chief reason of that wonderful efficacy we find ascribed to the ancient oratory, from what we meet with in the present; for, in all arts, every man is most moved with the perfection of them, as he understands them best. Now, the rulers of Greece and Rome had generally so well accomplished themselves in the politer parts of learning, that they had a high relish of a noble expression, were transported with a well-turned period, and not a little pleased to see a reason urged in its full force. They knew how proper such a passage was to affect the mind, and by admiring it, insensibly begot in themselves such a motion as the orator desired. The passion arose in them unawares, from their considering the aptness of such words to raise it. Accordingly, we find the force of Tully's eloquence showed itself most on Cæsar, who probably under-



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stood it best; and Cicero himself was so affected with Demosthenes, that it is no wonder when he was asked, which he thought the best of his orations, he should reply, the longest. But now the generality of mankind are so wholly ignorant of the charms of oratory, that Tully himself, who guided the lords of the whole earth at his pleasure, were he now living, and a speaker in a modern assembly, would not, with all that divine pomp and heat of eloquence, be able to gain over one man to his party. The vulgar, indeed, of every age, are equally moved by false strains of rhetoric, but they are not the persons I am here concerned to account for.

The last circumstance I shall mention, which gave the ancients a greater pleasure in the reading of their own authors than we are capable of, is that knowledge they had of the sound and harmony of their language, which the moderns have at present a very imperfect notion of. We find, even in music, that different nations have different tastes of it, and those who most agree have some particular manner and graces proper to themselves, that are not so agreeable to a foreigner: whether or no it be that, as the temper of the climates varies, it causes an alteration in the animal spirits, and the organs of hearing; or as such passions reign most in such a country, so the sounds are most pleasing that most affect those passions, or that the sounds which the ear has ever been most accustomed to, insensibly conform the secret texture of it to themselves, and wear in it such passages as are best fitted for their own reception; or, in the last place, that our national prejudice and narrowness of mind, makes everything appear odd to us that is new and un-

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common: whether any one, or all of these reasons may be looked upon as the cause, we find by certain experience, that what is tuneful in one country, is harsh and ungrateful in another. And if this consideration holds in musical sounds, it does much more in those that are articulate, because there is a greater variety of syllables than of notes, and the ear is more accustomed to speech than songs. But had we never so good an ear, we have still a faltering tongue, and a kind of impediment in our speech. Our pronunciation is without doubt very widely different from that of the Greeks and Romans; and our voices, in respect of theirs, are so out of tune, that, should an ancient hear us, he would think we were reading in another tongue, and scarce be able to know his own composure by our repetition of it. We may be sure, therefore, whatever imaginary notions we may frame to ourselves of the harmony of an author, they are very different from the ideas which the author himself had of his own performance.

Thus we see how time has quite worn out, or decayed, several beauties of our ancient authors; but to make a little amends for the graces they have lost, there are some few others which they have gathered from their great age and antiquity in the world. And here we may first observe, how very few passages in their style appear flat and low to a modern reader, or carry in them a mean and vulgar air of expression; which certainly arises, in a great measure, from the death and disuse of the languages in which the ancients compiled their works. Most of the forms of speech made use of in common conversation, are apt to sink the dignity of a serious

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style, and to take off from the solemnity of the composition that admits them; nay, those very phrases, that are in themselves highly proper and significant, and were at first, perhaps, studied and elaborate expressions, make but a poor figure in writing, after they are once adopted into common discourse, and sound over familiar to an ear that is everywhere accustomed to them. They are too much dishonoured by common use, and contract a meanness, by passing so frequently through the mouths of the vulgar. For this reason, we often meet with something of a baseness in the styles of our best English authors, which we cannot be so sensible of in the Latin and Greek writers; because their language is dead, and no more used in our familiar conversations; so that they have now laid aside all their natural homeliness and simplicity, and appear to us in the splendour and formality of strangers. We are not intimately enough acquainted with them, and never met with their expressions but in print, and that too on a serious occasion; and, therefore, find nothing of that levity or meanness in the ideas they give us, as they might convey into their minds who used them as their mother tongue. To consider the Latin poets in this light, Ovid, in his Metamorphosis, and Lucan, in several parts of him, are not a little beholden to antiquity for the privilege I have here mentioned, who would appear but very plain men without it; as we may the better find if we take them out of their numbers, and see how naturally they fall into low prose. Claudian and Statius, on the contrary, whilst they endeavour too much to deviate from common and vulgar phrases, clog their verse with unnecessary epithets, and

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swell their style with forced unnatural expressions, till they have blown it up into bombast; so that their sense has much ado to struggle through their words. Virgil, and Horace in his odes, have rûn between these two extremes, and made their expressions very sublime, but at the same time very natural. This consideration, therefore, least affects them, for, though you take their verse to pieces, and dispose of their words as you please, you still find such glorious metaphors, figures, and epithets, as give it too great a majesty for prose, and look something like the ruin of a noble pile, where you see broken pillars, scattered obelisks, maimed statues, and a magnificence in confusion.

And as we are not much offended with the low idiotisms of a dead lauguage, so neither are we very sensible of any familiar words that are used in it; as we may more particularly observe in the names of persons and places. We find in our English writers, how much the proper name of one of our own countrymen pulls down the language that surrounds it, and familiarizeth a whole sentence. For our ears are so often used to it, that we find something vulgar and common in the sound and cant; but fancy the pomp and solemnity of style too much humbled and depressed by it. For this reason, the authors of poems and romances, who are not tied up to any particular set of proper names, take the liberty of inventing new ones, or at least of choosing such as are not used in their own country, and, by this means, not a little maintain the grandeur and majesty of their language. Now the proper names of a Latin or Greek author have the same effect upon us as those of a romance,

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because we meet with them nowhere else but in books. Cato, Pompey, and Marcellus, sound as great in our ears, who have none of their families among us, as Agamemnon, Hector, and Achilles; and, therefore, though they might flatten an oration of Tully to a Roman reader, they have no such effect upon an English one. What I have here said, may perhaps give us the reason why Virgil, when he mentions the ancestors of three noble Roman families, turns Sergius, Memmius, and Cluentius, which might have degraded his verse too much, into Sergestus, Mnestheus, and Cloanthus. though the three first would have been as high and sonorous to us as the other.

But though the poets could make thus free with the proper names of persons, and in that respect enjoyed a privilege beyond the prose writers, they lay both under an equal obligation, as to the names of places: for there is no poetical geography, rivers are the same in prose and verse; and the towns and countries of a romance differ nothing from those of a true history. How, oddly, therefore, must the name of a paltry village sound to those who were well acquainted with the meanness of the place; and yet how many such names are to be met with in the catalogues of Homer and Virgil? Many of their words must, therefore, very much shock the ear of a Roman or Greek, especially whilst the poem was new; and appear as meanly to their own countrymen, as the duke of Buckingham's Putney Pikes and Chelsea Cuirassiers do to an Englishman. But these their catalogues have no such disadvantageous sounds in them to the ear of a modern, who scarce ever hears of the names out of the poet, or knows

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anything of the places that belong to them. London may sound as well to a foreigner, as Troy or Rome; and Islington, perhaps, better than London to them who have no distinct ideas arising from the names. I have here only mentioned the names of men and places; but we may easily carry the observation farther, to those of several plants, animals, etc. Thus, where Virgil compares the flight of Mercury to that of a water-fowl, Servius tells us, that he purposely omitted the word *mergus*, that he might not debase his style with it; which, though it might have offended the niceness of a Roman ear, would have sounded more tolerably in ours. Scaliger, indeed, ridicules the old scholiast for his note; because, as he observes, the word *mergus* is used by the same poet in his Georgics. But the critic should have considered that, in the Georgics, Virgil studied description more than majesty; and, therefore, might justly admit a low word into that poem, which would have disgraced his Æneid, especially when a god was to be joined with it in the comparison.

As antiquity thus conceals what is low and vulgar in an author, so does it draw a kind of veil over any expression that is strained above nature, and recedes too much from the familiar forms of speech. A violent Grecism, that would startle a Roman at the reading of it, sounds more natural to us, and is less distinguishable from other parts of the style. An obsolete, or a new word, that made a strange appearance at first to the reader's eye, is now incorporated into the tongue, and grown of a piece with the rest of the language. And as for any bold expressions in a celebrated ancient, we are so far from

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disliking them, that most readers single out only such passages as are most daring, to commend; and take it for granted, that the style is beautiful and elegant, where they find it hard and unnatural. Thus has time mellowed the works of antiquity, by qualifying, if I may so say, the strength and rawness of their colours, and casting into shades the light that was at first too violent and glaring for the eye to behold with pleasure.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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